

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Day 22 (P260)

**Jesus the little King is born in Bethlehem;
the angels call the shepherds to adore him;
Heaven and earth rejoice**

"My mother, I love you; love me too. Increase in my soul the Will of God, and grant me your blessing also, so that I may do all my actions under your maternal gaze."

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Today, Holy Mother, my love is uncontainable; I can no longer wait to come upon your maternal lap to see the heavenly little baby Jesus in your arms.

His beauty enraptures me, his gaze wounds me, his lips that are about to groan and whimper with tears enrapture my heart and captivate my love.

My dearest mother, I know that you love me, and so I ask you to spare a little place in your arms for me, so that I may give the little King Jesus my first kiss and, pouring out my heart to him, I may entrust him with those intriguing and oppressive secrets of mine.

To make him smile, I will say to him:

"Your Will is mine and my will is yours; establish within me the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat."

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven to her child:

My dearest child, oh how I long for you to come into my arms so that I may have the great joy of being able to say to our little infant King:

"Don't cry my beautiful Jesus;

see, here with us is my little child who wants to recognize you as her¹¹⁰ King, who gives you dominion over her soul and who wants You to place within her the Kingdom of your Will."

¹¹⁰**While "her" refers here to Luisa, one may replace Luisa's name with one's own, as at the outset of this work Mary tells us: "...it is with my own hands that I am bringing 'you' this book as a gift... so that in reading it you may, in turn, learn to live the life of heaven and no longer that of earth."**¹¹⁰

Now, child of my heart, while you are all intent on yearning for the little baby Jesus, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you.

Consider that it was midnight when the little newborn king emerged from my motherly womb and the night turned into day.

The one who was the Lord of light scattered the night of the human will – the night of sin and the night of all evils.

As a sign that it was his omnipotent Fiat that wrought all this¹¹¹ in the order of souls, midnight turned into the most refulgent day.

¹¹¹**This" refers particularly to the love and sorrows Jesus endured for mankind in the womb of Mary as revealed on Day 21.**¹¹¹

All created things ran to offer praise to Jesus' little humanity in whom they beheld their Creator.

The sun ran to give its first kisses of light to the little baby Jesus and warmed him with its heat;

the ruling wind sent wafts of purifying air into the stable and, with its sweet howling, said to him: "I love You";

the heavens were shaken to their very foundations;

the earth exulted and trembled to its very core; the sea roared with its massive waves.

In sum, all created things recognized that their Creator was among them and they all vied in offering him praises.

The very angels, filling the air with light and melodious voices that all could hear, exclaimed:

"Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will!"

The heavenly infant Jesus is born in the grotto of Bethlehem wrapped in poor tiny swaddling clothes."

Their voice so resounded that the shepherds who were in vigil listened to the angelic voices and ran to visit the divine little King.

My dear child, continue to listen closely to what your tender mother tells you.

As I received Jesus into my arms and gave him my first kiss, I felt the loving desire to give something of my own to my little Son, and so, offering him my bosom, I gave him milk in abundance - milk formed in my person by the Divine Fiat itself to nourish the little King Jesus.

But who could possibly describe what I felt, or the seas of grace, love and sanctity that my Son gave me in return?

I then wrapped my divine Son in poor but clean little clothes, and placed him in the manger, as this was his Will and I could not refuse him.

But before doing so, I shared him with dear Saint Joseph by placing him into his arms.

And oh, how Saint Joseph rejoiced.

He pressed him to his heart and the sweet little baby Jesus poured out torrents of grace into his soul.

Then, Saint Joseph and I together arranged a little hay in the manger and, detaching little Jesus from my maternal arms, I laid him in it.

Your mother, enraptured by the beauty of the divine infant, remained kneeling before him most of the time.

I engaged all my seas of love which the Divine Will had formed in me to love, adore and thank the little baby Jesus.

And what did the little heavenly infant Jesus do in the manger?

He carried out the one continuous act of the Will of our Heavenly Father, which was also his Will.

Moaning and sighing, He whimpered, cried and called to everyone saying, in his loving whimpering:

"Come to me all you, my children.

For love of you I am born in suffering and tears; come all of you to know the excess of my love!

Give me shelter in your hearts."

And there were shepherds, coming and going, to visit him, and to all He offered his sweet gazes and loving smiles, even through tears.

Now, my child, I wish to share with you the following lesson.

My whole joy was to hold my dear Son Jesus on my lap, but the Divine Will made me understand that I should place him in the manger at everyone's disposal, so that whoever wanted to cuddle him, kiss him and take him in their arms as if He were their own could do so.

He was the little King of all and, as such, they had the right to offer him the sweet pledge of their love.

And I, in order to fulfil the Supreme Will, deprived myself of my innocent joys, whereby I began, with works and sacrifices by giving him to all, my office of motherhood.

My child, the Divine Will is intransigent and desires all, even sacrifices in the holiest things, but always in light of existing circumstances, like the great sacrifice it desired of me when asking me to deprive myself of the little baby Jesus; it does so in order to more greatly extend in the soul its Kingdom and multiply in the soul the life of Jesus himself.

Indeed, when the soul deprives itself of Jesus out of love for him,¹¹² its heroism and sacrifice are so great that its virtue produces a new life of Jesus that provides him with a new indwelling.

Therefore, dear child, be attentive and never deny the Divine Will anything under any pretext.

¹¹²**Within the context of Luisa's writings, "depriving oneself of Jesus out of love for him", does not signify *distancing* oneself from him in the Sacraments under the pretext that the Will of God surpasses them in value, but of *bringing* Jesus to**

others without pretext whose gifts and grace derive from him who is Sacramentally present in the Eucharist.¹¹²

The soul:

Holy Mother, your beautiful lessons overwhelm me, yet if you want me to put them into practice, you must not leave my side.

When you see that I am about to succumb under the enormous weight of Jesus' divine privations, press me to your maternal heart so that I may have the strength never to deny the Divine Will anything.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come three times to visit the little baby Jesus and kiss his little hands. Then make five acts of love for him to honour his tears and to assuage his crying.

Exclamation:

Holy Mother, pour the tears of Jesus into my heart so that He may dispose my soul for the triumph of God's Will.